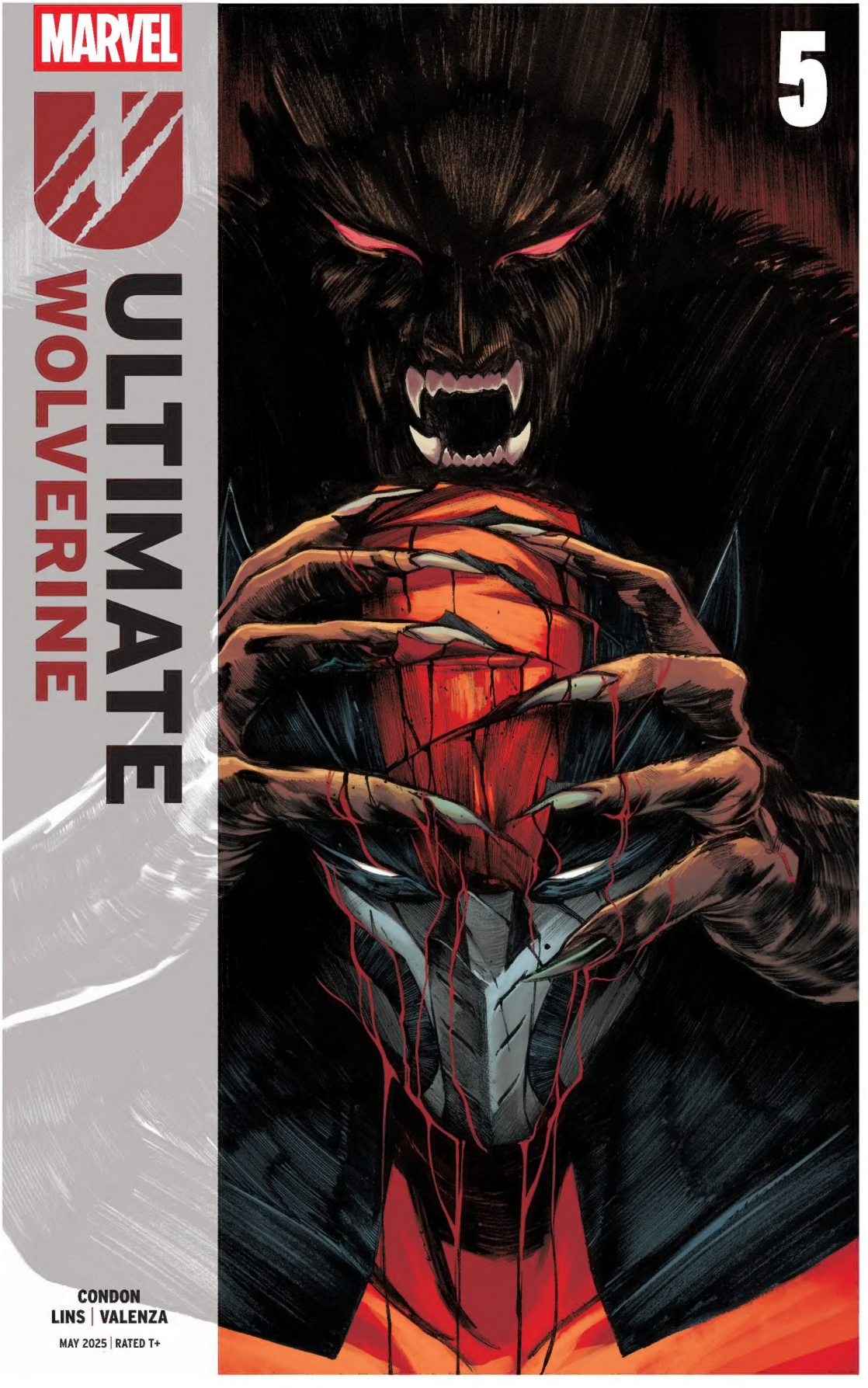

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
WOLVERINE
5
CONDON
LINS | VALENZA
MAY 2025 | RATED T+

Rasputingrad, Eurasian Republic.
Gidnight, Mister Big Man...
Da. Good night, thank you. Come back again t'morrow.
FASHK

All right! Ya can come out now!
klk!
The driver'll be here soon. Come.
Took the liberty of making yas food. I recommend ya eat up. It'll be a loooong ride. No stops. Not till yer clear of the border.
But...this should last yas. Hearty soup. Good for the soul, they say. But... they also say a lotta things.

I'm just sorry we couldn't save more of yas. Whatta fiasco that was at the camp. You can try to plan, but... Well. Anywho...
Seein' what yas been through n' all and the kindness ya shown to me--listenin' to my stories from before--I made yas somethin' special...
This is somethin' from the ol' days--a real delicacy--They call it a Shirley Temple. Only had 'nuff for one. But...
Enjoy, fellas.
Leech... SHLRP...thanks... SHLRP...Victor.
Sure, kid.
Heh! Artie, ya wanna hear another story 'bout me n' Logan, huh? Maybe...maybe. I got me a few 'a those to pick from...
Ya'd like to hear the Siberian prison escape again, I bet. Heh.
But first...
...I gotta take out the trash.

CLINK
CLINK
Hrrm.

No, Artie. Leech drink.
Fellas, back under the floor.
Military planes overhead... might be scanning. Shielding'll hide yas from view, but we gotta be quick.
C'mon, you two.
Won't be long...
...I promise.
Driver'll be here in no--
CHK-A -CHK-A -CHK
CHK-A
CHK-A -CHK

CHK-A
CHK-A-CHK
Shh.
SHHHHHK

Naaaaah, door's locked, BAR'S CLOSED! Hic.

KA SHK!

SNF SNF

SNF
SNF
SNF
SNF
SNF
SNF
You.
So the rumors are true...

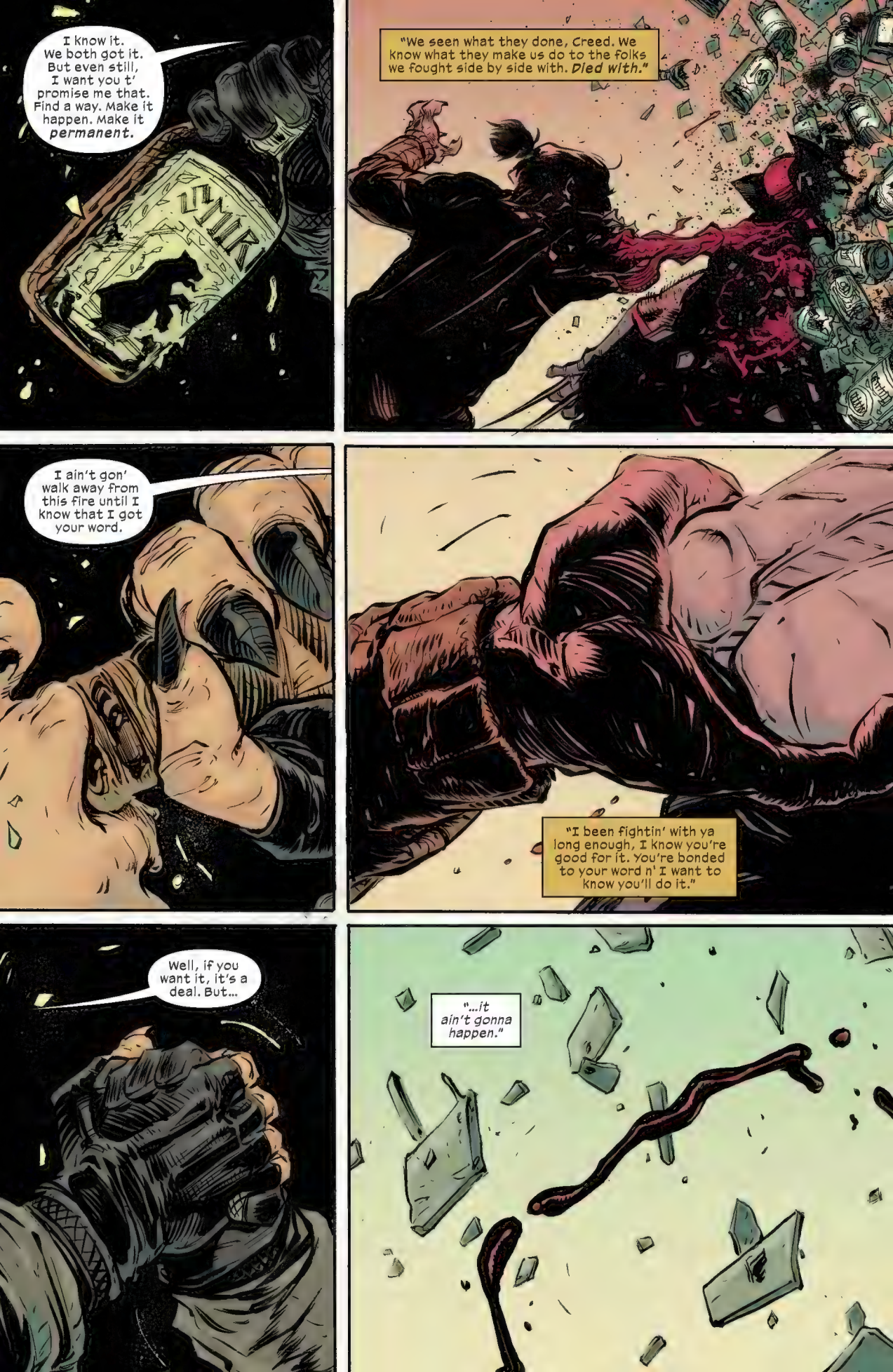
SNF
SNF
Back from the dead, eh, Logan?
Smell's off... Somethin' 'bout ya's changed. Smells almost... rotten.
Maybe you really are dead...
Naw... not dead.
But you ain't yerself...
...are ya?
SNIKT
SNIKT
Well, well, well...
...I'd say yer not yerself at all...

I know ya... I know Logan, and I know Logan'd be too smart to try that on me. You're him, but you're not him.
An empty vessel.
Butchers. They messed with your brain, didn't they? They took their little fingers n' their tools n' they poked n' pulled. Just like they did with--

SLASH
SLASH
Nyaaah...
I don't know why they got you in a mask... Nn--
But I'm gon' rip it offa yer face to find out, boy.

"I want you to promise me one thing..."

...if they ever capture me...
They ain't gon' capture ya, small stuff.
Ah, would ya listen? I'm bein' serious here, Creed.
All right, go on then. So if they capture ya...
I don't wanna become one 'a them puppets. So I want you to promise me...
...you'll kill me.
Tall order comin' from a fella with a healin' factor that keeps Death at arm's length.


I know it. We both got it. But even still, I want you t' promise me that. Find a way. Make it happen. Make it *permanent.*
"We seen what they done, Creed. We know what they make us do to the folks we fought side by side with. *Died with.*"
I ain't gon' walk away from this fire until I know that I got your word.
"I been fightin' with ya long enough, I know you're good for it. You're bonded to your word n' I want to know you'll do it."
Well, if you want it, it's a deal. But...
"...it ain't gonna happen."

SVAM
They really got this muzzle on ya--
SHK
SHK
SHK
RRRRRR--
--ARAHHH--

RAAHHH!
KRIK-KRAK
FWUMP
If I'm gonna kill ya, I'm gonna look into your face when I do it, RUNT.

There! Let's see that--
AARGHHH--
SHRRRRPP
SHK
GIK-ULK--
SPIT!

Nn--
KRRRAA--
AAAAK
Raarghhh...

SPIFF
KRAK
WUMP

Your ride's here.
Don't...
Hn. Don't get it. He's out.
His healin' factor ain't kickin' in?
That Leech.
I'll ride with yas, new girl.
My name is Natasha... and I can handle myself.
No doubt... but I know the runt, and... Well, I wanna see everyone's face when this guy comes through the door. Heh.
TO BE CONTINUED...

EYES ONLY

EURASIAN REPUBLIC
MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

OFFICE OF
MILITARY COMMISSIONS

BEGIN TRANSCRIPT.

OFFICER: Okay, we are now recording. Please repeat what you told the sergeant about the attack.

PRIVATE: The whole thing?

O: Yes. From the top.

P: Okay, let me think… On Friday, we received a new prisoner. The report said he was caught with contraband at a checkpoint near Kursk and was transferred from a local jail there to our high-security facility in—

O: This is the "Ledyanaya Korobka"—the isolated facility in Siberia?

P: Yes, for the most dangerous individuals. That was the idea…

O: Okay. Go on.

P: Well, the officers at the checkpoint had discovered that this man was traveling under an alias. His papers read "Vladislav Credovski," but there was no such individual in the system. He had an odd accent too… Hard to define. So they detained him and discovered the contraband. He never fought detention. I think that point should be made—he went along with everything.

O: Okay.

P: They transported him from Kursk to the north of Lake Baikal, where the facility is located. We have only a few inmates there, as I said. As we moved "Credovski" from the transport to the facility, we heard a loud whining sound—

O: A rocket?

P: Yes. It slammed into the side of the transport, and the concussion threw us off our feet. Everyone but Credovski. There were more whining sounds, and then the gate and the wall of the facility exploded. Credovski howled, like a dog, his head tilted back. And then…there was a response. Out of the woods nearby came a small team of individuals, all dressed in black. All armed with weapons.

O: Did they have any identifying symbols?

P: Two crossed arms, hands curled into fists. Some had it on their helmets, some on their chests, others on their arms. There was a strange...blue person, had red hair, a woman, I think, and one of them had sharp bones protruding from his hands… He was like a…like a monster. I…I couldn't believe my eyes. I played dead—I was covered in Yuri's blood from the strike. A piece of shrapnel had struck him above the eye. They went through and executed anyone they found. As I lay on the ground, I opened one eye and watched as Credovski had his bonds cut by this monster man… Then they proceeded to enter the facility.

O: What happened next?

P: There was more gunfire from within. I couldn't see from outside. Guards tried to fight them, I suppose. They all died—I discovered their bodies later. Limbs severed, blood everywhere. These people, they freed the prisoners we held—I'm not sure if I'm cleared to discuss names, but—

O: You're free to discuss anything related to the attack.

P: Well, I guess it's not important. But they seemed to know the facilities… That struck me. There wasn't a question of where to go, how to enter, what walls to strike. They planned this, I think. The whole thing. The capture at the checkpoint down to the escape. They wanted to hit that facility. It frightens me to know why…

END TRANSCRIPT.

EURASIAN REPUBLIC

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

DENIED

AB00000 00

Type
P

Contry Code
ER

Passport No
71ETOO3560J

Surname
CREDOVSKI

Name
VLADISLAV

No
253161601290

Nationality
EURASIAN

Date of Birth
08 01 1981

Sex
M

Date of issue 31 APR 2015

Date of expiry 31 APR 2025

P< ER<<VLADISLAV<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<
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